

Dr. A. T. Weston, who was assisted by Professor A. M. Phelps, of St. Vincent's Hospital.

As to the cause of this hemorrhage, however, there is a difference of opinion. Dr. Weston holds that it was due to either a blow or a fall, presumably the former, and for this reason: There were no marks or abrasions of the skin on the face or body, with the exception of a slight one on one of the shoulders, and there would have been none had the blow been struck by a flat encaised in a boxing glove. Dr. Weston does not say this in so many words, but implies it.

The autopsy showed that Duffy was not in good physical condition by any means. He was afflicted with thickening of the muscles of the heart, brought on by continual and excessive training. This fact would bear out the contention of the sporting men that Duffy was over-excited, that he was chagrined and disappointed at his defeat, and that these things combined brought on the hemorrhage.

When Captain Groo heard that Duffy had

present boxing law, and others who were present.

Another Boxer Dying.
The fate of James Duffy, who died at St. Vincent's Hospital yesterday morning from the effects of his prize-ring experience with George Justice at the Broadway Athletic Club, will probably be that of Daniel Flanagan, a youth of Fliskill, N. Y.

Flanagan was punched into unconsciousness by William Catskill, a colored lad, Sunday morning, in a barn at Carthage Landing, a few miles north of Fliskill, and is at the point of death. Both wore four-ounce gloves. Catskill is under arrest and the police are looking for the twenty young men who were present.

Flanagan is a member of the Young Men's Dancin' Club, of Fliskill, and is the son of a laborer. Catskill is a Coachman for W. A. Jones, a Fliskill insurance agent. Each weighs about 135 pounds.

In the first two rounds Flanagan was badly worsted, and in the third was almost knocked out. Although he never drank before, he was pilled with liquor by those who had bet on him, and he managed to continue and make a fair showing. In the beginning of the ninth he was knocked on his face, but managed to rise to his knees. Several friends wanted him taken home, but he refused.

IT WAS NOT A BRUTAL BOXING MATCH.

Opinion of Assemblyman Horton, Who Was Present at the Contest Between Duffy and Justice at the Broadway Athletic Club.

Assemblyman George S. Horton, of Wayne County, who drew the bill under which boxing contests as at present conducted in this State were legalized, has this to say:

"I was present at the Broadway Athletic Club on Saturday night on the invitation of Assemblyman T. P. Sullivan, but did not know that any one was injured until I read of Duffy's probable fatal ending in the papers this morning. "While the accident to the boxer, Duffy, is to be deplored, there was, in my opinion, absolutely nothing brutal in the contest in which he was engaged. In fact, it was a mild, and even tame exhibition, in which I believed Duffy to have been the better man, and had I been the referee I would have so decided.

"I firmly believe that the Horton law has elevated boxing and put it on a higher plane. The principal object that led me to push the bill in our last legislative session, was to stop the many brutal exhibitions that were being given in the halls and theatres throughout this State, where young men and boys who did not have the slightest knowledge of boxing or know how to protect themselves were led up before champions and knocked out and brutally beaten for the few dollars that the management would offer.

"I was anxious to stop such affairs and place boxing under the management of competent men and clubs. The law is working admirably, in my judgment."

died at 2:15 o'clock yesterday morning at St. Vincent's Hospital he immediately sent men out to look for George Justice, Duffy's opponent; "Tom" O'Rourke, manager of the Broadway Athletic Club, and "Dick" Roche, its official referee. These men had been released in \$2,000 bail each Sunday.

The Court Hearing.
Detective Worden found Roche uptown, and the latter was shocked to learn of Duffy's death. He went to Jefferson Market Court with the detective and at 3 o'clock was joined by O'Rourke and Justice, who were accompanied by their counsel, Mr. Friend.

The court proceedings were brief. Captain Groo told of Duffy's death. All the requirements of the Horton law had been fulfilled, he said; the gloves weighed at least five ounces, and so far as he could see there had not been any brutality.

Magistrate Flammer thought it best to allow the matter to go over until a week from to-day, and released O'Rourke, Roche and Justice on their original bail bonds. Justice was positive he had not caused Duffy's death. "Why, I didn't hit him any harder than he did me," he said. "Not only that, but he struck the last blow, and after we had shaken hands he said he did not have any hard feelings. I am sorry for him, but it wasn't my fault."

"Tom" O'Rourke, who made the match, was confident that Duffy's physical condition was responsible for his death. "Since the fight," said O'Rourke, "I have learned that while Duffy fainted twice, several boxing bouts at the same time, he became so weak that it took some time to revive him. As for that fight being a brutal one, that is ridiculous. It was one of the tamest I ever saw."

This latter statement is borne out by Referee Roche, Sam Austin, the well-known referee, "Manny" Friend, "Jim" Sullivan, Assemblyman Horton, the father of the

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Catskill, it is said, squared himself for a knockout blow, and struck Flanagan a terrible one on the nose, which flattened him on the floor. His head struck on the beam and he fell apparently lifeless. He has since remained in a semi-conscious condition.

Platt Has 74 Votes Pledged.
Albany, Jan. 4.—An evening paper's canvass of the choice of the members of the Legislature for United States Senator shows that 74 members have signified their intention of voting for Thomas C. Platt.

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Mr. A. M. Phelps - I was completely upstaged in the Journal by this morning's printing - my visit to the State Camp at Poughkeepsie - J. J. Astor

FAVOR TUNNELING DEAD MAN'S CURVE.

Park Board and Aldermanic Committee Discuss It.

Objections to the Plan Set Forth in the Journal Made and Overcome.

Board Directs the Street Car Company's Engineer to Prepare Detailed Drawings.

The proposed tunnel under Union square, which is to do away with "Dead Man's Curve," now seems a certainty. It was the chief topic of discussion at the regular meeting of the Board of Park Commissioners yesterday afternoon. The plans presented in the Journal recently were received with positive favor, and action was taken by the Board, providing for a public hearing on the subject.

Three members of the Aldermanic Committee on Railroads—Hall, Goodman and Parker—attended the meeting and took part in the discussion.

Alderman Hall, acting as spokesman for the committee, was first heard. He gave strong reasons why the tunnel was the best solution of the difficulty. It would not only enable the Metropolitan Traction Company to give better service, he contended, but would also prevent further sacrifice of life and limb.

Alderman Goodman suggested that if the proposed tunnel would interfere with the scheme for rapid transit he would oppose it. This brought forth statements which set this doubt at rest. It was clearly shown that the tunnel would be at a depth not sufficient to cause any interference.

President McMillan appeared to take a deep interest in the projected tunnel. He first inquired if it would arouse the objections of Union square storekeepers. The answer was that it would not in any way injure their business, and had not thus far called forth a single protest from them, although the plan had been fully ventilated in the Journal and other papers.

Mr. McMillan next asked about the slow cable, which had been suggested. He was told they would prove a great discomfort to the public, in that they would delay travel and compel the company to take a large number of cars off the Broadway and Lexington avenues lines, as well as seriously interfere with traffic on Columbus avenue.

President McMillan then said that he did not see how the tunnel at the proposed grade of one foot to eight would work any injury to the park. He proposed that the engineer of the Metropolitan Traction Company be instructed to draft a plan and accurate plans to submit to the Board.

It was fully decided to hold the matter in abeyance pending the receipt of these plans, and that interested property owners and storekeepers be invited to be present at a conference, when they will be considered.

GAVE THE MOTHER HER BOY.
Magistrate Flammer Decides in Favor of Mrs. Beard, of Jersey City.

Mrs. Loretta Velasquez Beard and George A. Hunter, of No. 225 Midland avenue, Jersey City, were taken to Jefferson Market Court yesterday afternoon by Superintendent Jenkins, of the Gery Society, who asked Magistrate Flammer to decide which should have the woman's eight-year-old son, Waldemar.

On November 2 Mrs. Beard took up her abode in apartments that she rented from Hunter. She felt behind in her rent and came to this city to do some work, going off with Mrs. Crest, of No. 212 West Twenty-fifth street.

A few days ago she went to Jersey City to obtain her son, whom she had left in Hunter's charge. Hunter refused to give him up, and yesterday took him to the Gery Society and told Superintendent Jenkins that Mrs. Beard was mentally unsound and maltreated the lad. This the mother denied.

The boy said that on Christmas Day the mother, passing a pair of shears over his head, exclaimed that she would rather have him dead in her arms than to stay with Hunter.

A daughter of Mrs. Crest vouched for Mrs. Beard's respectability and mental responsibility, and as she had tearfully declared in favor of her mother, Magistrate Flammer decided in her favor.

Don't Miss It.
READ NEXT SUNDAY'S ISSUE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE THAT GOES WITH THE GREAT SUNDAY JOURNAL. IT WILL BE OF SPECIAL AND THRILLING INTEREST TO ITS MILLIONS OF READERS.

SUFFERN VS. ASTOR.

Continued from First Page.

cel Astor was proposed for membership. If "Tommy" Taller, who can read a coach like a professional, wasn't fit for membership in the Coaching Club, then, surely, "Jack" Astor, who can't read a coach at all, was not entitled to the honor of an election. And thus reasoning, "Tommy's" friends arose from their ambush and massacred the American head of the noble house of Astor.

Divided the Club.
That deed of vengeance practically divided the club into two well developed and thoroughly antagonistic sections. One side wanted to enlarge the scope of the club's membership by taking in millionaires who could buy coaches, but couldn't find them.

The other side insisted that the first requisite to membership in a coaching club was ability not only to buy but to handle a four-in-hand. On this point the club split hopelessly, and although "Jack" Astor was "billed" he was not elected, as the club was not only the last man proposed for membership, but the last man, until "Tommy's" Taller was led to the slaughter last week for the second time.

So bitter was the enmity between the two factions that neither would offer a candidate so certain were they that the other would "put" him. Under the constitution of the Coaching Club it requires only four adverse ballots to blackball a candidate, and either side could always command that number. As the days grew into years the various members of the club began to consider the club's welfare rather than their individual animosities. They began to realize that the club was not flourishing as it ought to; that the parades were becoming less interesting from year to year, and that something should be done to remedy existing evils.

Overtures for Peace.
The real whip element in the club, representing the practical coachmen and always regarding the club from that standpoint, made the first overture for peace. It armed itself with olive branches and said: "Now, look here, old chaps; we'd like to settle this thing. The club is all going to pot as it is, and we'd like to hitch up and pull together again. Can't we do it?"

"Why, certainly, dear boys; nothing would delight us more," said the members who have coaches, but can't drive them. "We've been hoping to do this thing these last three years, and think any sort of difference in the club is downright Tommyrot."

And thus with the entente cordiale apparently re-established, the friends of "Tommy" Taller set about their work, forgetting that their man had been the first to suffer the indignity of the four little "pills," and they were not averse to presenting his name as it is for membership. There was no opposition anywhere what-ever. The opposition replied that Mr. Taller ought really to belong to the club, that he was a splendid driver, a thorough gentleman and a jolly good fellow. A well-known member, who owns a co ch, but couldn't drive it to save his life, wrote to Mr. Taller a personal letter urging him to consent to a second candidature. Two of his former opponents went to Mr. Taller personally and offered to present his name for membership.

How "Tommy" Was Runned.
Ats first Mr. Taller refused to put blank to submit his name again, but when his own friends and staunch adherents told him that they had made a personal canvass of the entire club and that his election would be unanimous, he yielded on the ground that the same gentlemen, who proposed him before, should perform that duty again.

It was done, and Mr. Taller was congratulated beforehand by his enthusiastic and overjoyed friends.

But, horrible deed, when those ballots came floating in through the mails—that is the way the Coaching Club votes—they were those four fatal little dagger thrusts, and poor Tommy Taller was "done" again, "done" in the back and in spite of all promises to the contrary.

Were his friends mad? They were crazy. They wanted to eat up the whole "duffer" gang, as the non-driving element is called, and those four fatal little dagger thrusts had turned down Tommy for the second time.

Colonel Willie Jay, who has been president of the Coaching Club two years, resigned his office. "Reggie" Rives, who was secretary, would have no more of it, and Prescott Lawrence, who is not less known in coaching circles than Colonel Jay himself, got out of the executive committee. Oliver Belmont, who is a particular friend of Taller's, fairly frothed at the mouth, and lynching was too good for those that had turned down Tommy for the second time.

Great Flow of Lava.
The long slumbering volcano had erupted again, as they say of Aetna and the mensels, and everybody was covered with ashes and lava.

In this extremity a new election was held. Fred Roosevelt was made president; De Lancy Kane, vice-president; Frank Underhill, secretary, in place of Reggie Rives, and Frank Sturges, Executive Committee member, in place of Oliver Belmont.

The new Board of Officers hopes for peace and prosperity, but one thing is very certain until the Taller matter is adjusted satisfactorily no new member to the Coaching Club will be elected in many a long year to come.

It is only fair to Colonel Jay to say that he would probably not have resigned the presidency if it had not been for his recent severe domestic affliction. The others, however, have no such excuse, and offer none. As for the friends of "Tommy" Taller, they are saying nothing, but "Tommyrot" and the town is echoing the sentiment.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

MAN DOG'S VICTIMS ON THE EAST SIDE.

Frenzied Brute Ran Amuck in the Streets, Mangling Old and Young.

Policeman Seized a Buggy and Chased the Animal for Many Blocks.

Avenues C and D Quickly Cleared of Terrorized Pedestrians.

EMPTIED HIS REVOLVER IN VAIN.

Cornered in an Alleyway, the Dog Was Finally Killed with a Stave—An Old Man, a Boy, and a Young Girl Among Those Bitten.

A big black mad dog ran amuck on the East Side yesterday, and in consequence an old man, a young boy, a girl, and perhaps several other persons are threatened with hydrophobia. The brute was not killed until after wild excitement and a lively chase in a buggy. Then it was cornered in an alleyway and clubbed to death after a policeman had emptied a revolver in a vain attempt to end its life. Following are the names of some of the injured ones:

GOETZ, SAMUEL, fourteen years old, of No. 87 Orchard street, bitten on his right arm, left leg and left side. He was attended by

CUBAN CASTAWAYS ON A RAFT

Continued from First Page.

used to force kerosene into the fire in case of emergency when stam is immediately needed, were not on. I asked him why. He replied that he had ordered them put on immediately. I went above and returned in fifteen minutes. They were not then on. He had made no effort to put them on."

A Story of Treachery.
On the other hand, Montgomery tells a significant story. He hints strongly that there was treachery. He openly accuses Rojo of having deserted his post. He says First Engineer Redigan was not drunk, and that he had no whiskey.

But the most important of all things that has yet come out is this statement of Montgomery's:

"Soon after starting on our way on the St. John's River I felt a premonition that something was wrong. We had struck on the ground twice in the St. John's, and it did not look right. My fears became more decided when Franco Blanco came to me with tears in his eyes and said: " "Charlie, the ship doesn't mind her wheel. Somebody must have been tampering with her steering gear."

"I had good reason to feel uneasy, because, before leaving, a Spaniard, whom I met in New York, sent word from shore that he wanted to see me. I replied that I could not see him. He came to the ship and begged me not to go, but I told him I was going. He sent this word to me five minutes before the ship left: " "My God, Charlie! Don't go on that ship! You risk your life!"

They Left the Vessel.
"So all of this flashed through my mind when the ship got aground, and the suspicion became stronger that there was something wrong when she got fast aground again. The mate and the second mate left the ship when she first got aground Thurs-

day night at 8 o'clock, and did not return until 7 o'clock the next morning. They said they had got lost in the fog on the river. And Rojo was the first man to leave the vessel after the fires went out and foundering was inevitable. He and all those with him saved their baggage, even to their overcoats.

As we were leaving he cried to Major Bez: "Come on." The Major replied, "My God, is on the ship."

"Rojo immediately put for shore, fifteen miles away, and landed on the beach. He hired a sailboat, and instead of using that sailboat to come to our rescue, he carried his men to New Smyrna.

Engineer Redigan, a noble old man, was not drunk. He retired at 8 o'clock to his bunk and was not called till 10, when he was informed that water was rising in the hold. He cried like a baby and exclaimed, "My God! steward, when I went to bed all was well."

"Rios, second mate," added Montgomery, "was formerly in the Spanish Navy. Rojo had great confidence in him. These two were among the first to take to the boats."

Major Julio Rodriguez, Rojo does not speak English fluently, but when asked if he had any suspicions of foul play, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "The pumps would not work. How is that?"

CALVE AS MARGUERITE.
Splendid Rendition of Gounod's Magnificent Creation in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mme. Emma Calve made her initial appearance as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," a role heretofore sung exclusively in the Metropolitan Opera House Company by Mme. Melba, and gave one of the best, if not the best, interpretation of the character this generation of opera goers has seen.

The audience manifested its approval, endorsing the great songstress again and again. Her Marguerite is an original characterization. She discards many conventionalities and introduces new and commendable stage business.

Her love scenes with Faust were tenderly and delicately done, and her final awakening upon finding herself betrayed by the doctor in her heart and all her hopes of future happiness destroyed was portrayed with a deep passion in an artistic, conscientious and impressive manner.

She was in excellent voice, and the jewel song was charmingly rendered, and in the trio in the prison scene she was especially effective. It must be said, however, that Mme. Calve did not look the part of the simple, modest peasant girl of Goethe's poem.

Leon de Reszke, of course, the fickle lover Faust, and Edouard de Reszke appeared as Mephistopheles, both giving their usual artistic impersonations of the roles. The work of the chorus was eminently satisfactory, and Signor Mancinelli conducted the orchestra in his customary style. The opera was handsome and well staged, and the audience one of the largest of the season.

HER GUARDIAN IN A SUIT.
Howland to Represent Mary V. McCormick in Mrs. Emmons Blaine's Action.

Henry E. Howland was yesterday appointed by Justice Pryor, of the Supreme Court, guardian ad litem of Mary V. McCormick, to protect her interest in a suit in which she is defendant, brought by her sister, Mrs. Anna McCormick Blaine. David B. Ogden was appointed referee to pass on the case.

Mrs. Blaine is the daughter of the wealthy manufacturer of the McCormick reaper. She has brought suit to set aside two deeds of trust executed by her in 1889. In one deed she conveyed all of her property in a certain trust, and the second was an agreement between her and her husband, Emmons Blaine, in which she purported to settle his interest in her estate if he survived her.

The Illinois courts decided that Mary V. McCormick was mentally incompetent to make care of her interests.

ARMED MEN HUNT A HUMAN FIEND.

Residents of Paterson and Midvale, N. J., Aroused by a Brutal Crime.

Ten-Year-Old May Pellington, the Victim, Is Not Expected to Live.

Her Assailant, David Kerrigan, a Fugitive Among the Mountains Since Saturday.

WAS HER FATHER'S HIRED MAN.

When the Pellingtons Returned from a Drive the Child Had Been Maltreated—Parricides Threaten Their Quarry with Sudden Death.

Men with revolvers and Winchester, led by savage hounds, are scouring the snow-clad mountains round about Midvale, N. J., in chase of a man. They are fully resolved to kill him if they catch him, for the sake of a little girl who is dying in the house of her father, Cyrus Pellington, of Midvale.

It is one of those stories of brutality which comes so often from the South, with a lynching as a sequel—the story of a barbarous crime inspiring a barbarous revenge. The fugitive among the mountains is David Kerrigan, a young man whom Mr. Pellington hired a few months ago to work around the house and grounds. He made a good impression by working hard and keeping sober, and when Mr. and Mrs. Pellington drove into Paterson last Saturday they had no hesitation about leaving him in charge of the house and of the three children, of whom the eldest, May, was ten years old.

On their return Pellington drove to the barn, and his wife entered the house alone. She found May crouching in a corner of the sitting room, shuddering. Kerrigan was there, too. The child lifted her small hand and pointed at the hired man. "If I told you," she said, "if I told" she wailed, and then she tumbled over in a swoon.

Kerrigan rushed from the house as the mother turned upon him like a tigress. He has not been seen since. A doctor was summoned, but he could not see much hope for little May Pellington. Her anatomical statement was taken by Justice Rieker, assisted by Dr. Shippee, yesterday.

It was a tale to stir the blood of men. Searching parties were organized as soon as the crime was made known in the neighborhood, and during the succeeding days they have been augmented as the news spread. One party led by Smith Rieker, and a party of savage hounds, tracked Kerrigan for six miles through a mountainous country. His footprints in the snow showed that he was wearing a pair of new rubbers.

The man's fear of pursuit and capture could be read in the route he took. It led his trailers away from the haunts of men into the solitudes. Wherever a lonely canyon opened in the hillside, thither the footsteps led. Wherever there were bare, windblown spaces, or rocky heights that would baffles the tracker's art, there they disappeared. And so, after awhile, the trail was lost.

That was on Saturday evening. The pursuers had not been idle since. Every bayonet in that part of the country has been pulled to pieces, every barn and house searched for the man who may yet be changed with the coat of May Pellington. Constables from Paterson went out with the hunt, but they were far outnumbered by citizens who had sworn to kill the fugitive on sight.

The area of the chase widened on Sunday. Wanque, Singee, Rockaway, Butler, Pompton, Bloomfield, Bonton, Pompton Plains, Macopin and Charlottesville were among the villages scoured for the assailant of May Pellington.

Most of the searching parties returned on Sunday night, but yesterday new blood was injected into the hunt, and it became more active than ever. It was reported yesterday afternoon that Kerrigan was seen near Italy and had disappeared again. No one believes that he can escape, for he is being watched for in every town and village and at every railway station in that part of the State.

WOULDN'T LET HER PLAY.
"Baby Beatrice" Was Kept Off the Stage at the People's Theatre by Gerry.

During the production of "The Fatal City" at the People's Theatre last night, Thomas W. Winer, leading little "Baby Beatrice," appeared before the curtain and scored the Gery Society for waiting since Thursday to tell him that the child must not play.

The little one wept and sobbed. She thought this was the great hit of her career—she is scarcely six years old—and suffered like an artist deprived of an opportunity rather than as a child who has been refused a chance to earn \$25 a week and wear hand-some new dresses.

Mr. Winer tried to get Mayor Strong to overrule the society, but he was too busy with the Greater New York charter to worry about anything else. The manager said the child had long been starting, and he would have put her on anyhow if he had not feared that she would be separated from her mother, Mrs. Maxwell.

NEW STEEL INSPECTORS.
Citizens to Examine Material for Warships in Place of Naval Men.

Washington, Jan. 4.—Secretary Herbert, Assistant Secretary McAdoo and Commodore Hiebhorn and Melville held a conference this morning with Captain McCormick, Naval Constructor Daahell and Chief Engineer Smith, constituting the board which has inspected the defective steel offered for the battle ships building at Newport News.

Telegrams were sent to eighteen of the civilian applicants for the suggested steel inspectors, notifying them they may be examined in competition before the end of this week at the Navy Department. At least six of these civilians will be selected at once and substituted for the naval officers who have proved unequal to the duty. Their compensation will be \$4 a day, and eventually a considerable number of them will be employed.

Another radical change in the methods of steel inspection is contemplated in a re-organization of the departmental steel board, which has heretofore consisted of two line officers and one engineer. Hereafter a naval constructor is to be substituted for one of the line officers. This is deemed advisable, as the constructors are believed to be most competent judges of the material used in ship building.

Hood's Pills
Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Suffern Taller and "Jack" Astor "Pitted" in the Coaching Club.

The non-toolers have blackballed Taller twice, while the toolers have kept Colonel Astor out of the club once. The row that resulted has shaken the club from centre to circumference. Several of the officers have resigned and there is much bitterness in the organization.